

## The Lockers are Always Red by [meanestvenus](#)

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**Summary:**

“What the fuck?” she said aloud in the empty room. She had shoes and socks but all her other clothes were gone. Her regular clothes, today’s gym stuff, all of her gym stuff--and she’d left her jacket in her car.

“Lose something?” Billy said, smirking and leaning against a locker in her P.E. clothes. Stevie grew hot.

“Are you serious, Hargrove? Is this summer camp?”

// Someone plays a prank on Stevie and Billy uses it to sort of, maybe, obliquely ask her out.

## **The Lockers are Always Red**

### **Author's Note:**

Steve has become Stevie, Tommy has become Theresa, Carol has become Carlo, Nate has become Nancy and Jonathan is Jane. Billy's still a hot piece of shit.

Stevie was one of the last people to leave practise. Billy and a freshman with braces were still bouncing around but she didn't really want to be in close quarters with Billy. It didn't help that Coach was squinting at her when she inevitably fucked up and then barking orders at her as if she didn't know she was fucking up. She barely rinsed in the shower, wanting to get home as fast as possible, but when she'd toweled up and gone to her locker it was open and missing a few things.

"What the fuck?" she said aloud in the empty room. She had shoes and socks, but everything else was gone. Her regular clothes, today's gym stuff, all of her gym stuff, and she'd left her jacket in her car.

"Lose something?" Billy said, smirking and leaning against a locker in her P.E. clothes. Stevie's whole body went hot.

"Are you fucking serious, Hargrove? Is this summer camp?"

Billy laughed and folded her arms against her ample chest. Stevie felt ready to smack her, although that was obviously not going to do her any favours.

"I didn't say I did it. You should know I'm not one for tricks. Prefer to do things up front," she said smugly. She was right, and also Stevie had pulled something like this with Theresa in middle school, the two of them giggling hysterically as June Miller teared up in front of her locker. They'd taken her shoes, too.

Stevie slammed her locker door shut. It wasn't like she could run to her car in a towel, Teresa and company were probably waiting to see her humiliate herself. She fisted her towel in her hands. Billy didn't

move, still looking far too amused for somebody with sweat stains under her arms.

“I’m sure Theresa will be pleased to know you find this so entertaining. You should probably go wait with her in the parking lot, so you can get the full show.” Stevie said, and she could hear the whine in her voice. Ugh.

Billy pushed off the locker, still grinning, and went to go open her own.

“Don’t need to, I’ve already seen the full show in the showers, princess.” Stevie looked over at her, disgusted. Billy cackled, pulling her shirt off and then unhooking her bra in one fell swoop. Stevie almost didn’t look away fast enough.

If she had still been with Nate, he would have been waiting for her outside the locker room so they could drive home and she could have just poked her head out the door and asked him—but no. She smacked her fist into the red metal.

“Bad day?” Billy asked, voice rich with very fake concern.

Stevie glared at her. “Worse since you started talking to me.”

Billy was now wearing a bra that looked too much like lingerie for a high schooler, lacy and pushing her boobs together so they formed a line of cleavage. She grinned back at Stevie’s frown, hooked her thumbs in her shorts, and pulled them down enough that Stevie could see the top of her tiny black underwear. Billy was definitely fucking with her. Stevie snapped her head away. What was she even doing looking in Billy’s direction?

She slumped down on the changing bench. Billy threw her jeans out of her locker, slapping them down on the bench next to Stevie before starting to wiggle them on.

“Gross, you aren’t going to shower?” She asked crankily, purposely staring at her stupid, shiny locker and trying to wait Billy out. Of course Billy, a sociopath, was going to stick around as long as possible.

“Trying to steal my clothes while my back is turned, Harrington?” Stevie rolled her eyes. “Besides, they’re gonna get sweaty again soon, anyways.”

Stevie couldn't put her finger on why that sounded so dirty but it did. She didn't bother replying. She didn't need to hear about Billy's escapades, or anyone's escapades, thank you very much. She was the most single she'd been since fifth grade and she couldn't even blame Nate. Hell, Jane would probably give her the shirt off her own back, if only out of guilt, but she was probably busy eating Nate's face somewhere. They were probably sharing their favourite vocabulary words while cuddling, like some sort of intellectual foreplay that Stevie would never be able to do.

“Fuck,” Stevie swore.

She was going to have to wait at least an hour until almost everybody had gone home, and then freeze her nipples off running to her car in a towel. This was her life now, ferrying preteens around, wishing her ex and his new girlfriend paid more attention to her, and being the new June Miller.

Suddenly Billy whipped her back with a towel.

“What the fuck do you want?” Stevie snapped.

Billy dangled the white Metallica shirt she'd worn that day off one finger, and her gym shorts off another; she was still in her underwear.

Stevie narrowed her eyes, and they stared at each other for a long moment before she decided to make a grab for the shirt and missed.

Billy snickered. Stevie flushed. “Fuck you. You said you didn't play tricks.”

She pulled her socks and shoes out of her locker.

“I see why that pussy Nate liked you. You're cute when you're angry,” Billy laughed again, and Stevie went redder with anger and embarrassment. Fuck this, she would actually rather go to her car in just a towel, even if Carlo was going to be a dick and try to yank it

off her.

She was putting on her socks when Billy demanded, "I want you to come to Barry's party tomorrow." Stevie stood still.

"Why? So you can make sure everybody knows you're the new Queen of Hawkins?"

"Not as stupid as she looks," Billy mocked.

It's not like she really cared, anyways. She just didn't like the way partying made her feel alone, like she was living on a different planet from her old friends even though they were in the same room. But at least she could go fully dressed.

"Fine," Stevie said bitterly.

"That's what I like to hear."

She reached over and grabbed the shirt and shorts still in Billy's hands, but Billy held onto them, her face hard.

"Don't bail. You know how I get when I'm lied to."

And then she released her hold so fast Stevie almost lost her balance. Billy pulled her jean jacket on and strode out as she did a few buttons, walking like she always did, rolling her wide hips. She smacked the lights off as she left so Stevie was in the dark.

"I'm skipping school tomorrow," Stevie mumbled.